

assemble my kid's bike with four parts missing.
Then the bedroom cupboard door fell off.
Doesn't everybody need a drink in this world
where everything's breaking down and there's no repairmen?

The Booster Shot

some days the morning eye opener
at home just won't do the trick.
you have to go to a bar.

of the drinks you make yourself, the worst
are full of desperate introspection,
and the best lack all understanding.

the comments by today's barkeep prove my point.
pouring my second double gimlet
in five minutes he said, like sherlock holmes,
"this is for therapeutic reasons, i assume.
i'm a stinger man myself."

then we exchanged some easy bar talk
on the Rams and the races.
two gimlets more, shored up, i left.

"see ya, doc, thanks for the medicine."

arf, said Sandy

roger is a friend of mine. it was his idea
that we train a dog our way. reach out
to pet him, he snaps your hand in two.
offer some gaines or a doggie treat, he
cowers in terror. lift up a folded newspaper,
he licks your hand. say "heel" and he
dashes into the street. old people can
pull his fur, tug his ears; but he will not
let a child touch him. he scratches at the
door to come in and leak against the coffee
table leg. he wags his tail at mailmen,
burglars, and nazi uniforms; snarls at his
owner. he runs away when he is called. sits
up when a stick is thrown. hides his leash,
has to be dragged outdoors for a walk.

we figure: why should a dog be different?

-- Charles Stetler

Long Beach, CA